

# The Hong Kong Daily Press.

# Hong Kong Daily Press.

# Daily Press.

No. 8927

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HONGKONG, MONDAY, AUGUST 9th, 1886.

拜禮

號九月八英港香

PRICE \$2 PER MONTH

## SHIPPING

ARRIVALS.  
August 6, POMEADELAIR British steamer, 1,733 F. West, Nagasaki 1st August, Coal.—SIEMSEN & Co.

August 7, MARIE German str., 704 J. Hollmann, Toulon 5th August, General—WIELER & Co.

August 7, KUTRANG British steamer, 1,495, Young, Shanghai 3rd August, General—JARDINE MATTHEWS & Co.

August 7, POSEIDON Astico Hungarian str., 2,210 G. Donich, Trieste 22nd June, and Singapore 1st August, General—USTRO-HUNGARIAN LLOYD'S S. N. Co.

August 7, ROMA German steamer, 1,483 H. Schulz, Hamburg, and Singapore 1st Aug., General—SIEMSEN & Co.

August 7, CLEVEDEN British str., 1,114, Thos. Gibb, Newhaven 30th July, Booms and General—SIEMSEN & Co.

August 7, SAITHE French steamer, 323, Th. Lurde, Haiphong 3rd August, and Hoihoi 5th, General—A. R. MARTY.

August 7, PRIMA British str., 1,403, S. H. Butler, Foochow 5th August, Tea—BURTERFIELD & SWINE.

August 8, GREYHOUND British steamer, 227, Thomas, Pakhoi 6th August, via Hellas and Macao, General—ADAMSON, BELL & Co.

August 7, SAITHE French steamer, 323, Th. Lurde, Haiphong 3rd August, and Hoihoi 5th, General—A. R. MARTY.

August 8, ESTERNADEA British steamer, 355, G. A. Taylor, Manila 5th August, General—RUSSELL & Co.

August 8, GENERAL LEZO Spanish gunboat, Felix, Batangas, Manila 4th August.

August 8, FUSHUN Chinese str., 1,504, Crood, Whampoa 8th August, General—C. M. S. N. Co.

August 8, DUBROVNIK German steamer, 921, C. A. Berndsen, Swatow 7th August, General—BUN HIN CHAN.

August 8, CARISBROOK British steamer 973, R. Cass, Taiwau 4th August, Amoy 5th, and Swatow 7th, General—DOUGLAS LAPEAK & Co.

August 8, TANTALON British str., 1,310, S. Partige, Nagasaki 1st August, Coal—TAKASIMA COLLIERY.

August 8, KWANG-LEI Chinese steamer, 1,509, Andow, Shanghai 6th August, General—C. M. S. N. Co.

CLEARANCES.  
AT THE HARBOUR MASTER'S OFFICE,  
7th AUGUST.

Marie, German str., for Hoikow.

Ashin, German str., for Haiphong.

Gasterham, British str., for Foochow—Glenfriar, British str., for Singapore.

Gistland, British str., for Shanghai.

Fidella, German str., for Amoy.

Thales, British str., for Swatow.

Diamante, British str., for Amoy.

Elsa, German str., for Amoy.

Triles, German str., for Saigon.

Oasis, Amer. ship, for Victoria (B.C.).

Smit, German str., for Bangkok.

Gratitude, British str., for Kuchinotu.

DEPARTURES.

August 7, FREDE, Danish str., for Haiphong.

August 7, VOLTA French str., for Japan.

August 7, DEUATTA, British str., for Amoy.

August 7, IRAOAUDDY, F. str., for Shanghai.

August 7, SHIR, German str., for Bangkok.

August 7, TITROS, Gorham str., for Saigon.

August 7, DIAMANTE, British str., for Manila.

August 7, GLENFRIN, British str., for London.

August 7, TUNGOON, BR. str., for Shanghai.

August 7, ALWINE, German str., for Haiphong.

August 7, FOORSGANG, British str., for Shanghai.

August 7, KUTRANG, British str., for Whampoa.

August 7, MERLING, British str., for Tientsin.

August 8, PRIMA, British str., for London.

August 8, GRATITUDE, BR. str., for K. Notan.

August 8, ELSA, German str., for Amoy.

August 8, THALES, British str., for Coast Ports.

August 8, CATTERTHON, BR. str., for Australia.

August 8, ABERE CARVER, Amer. bark, for Callao.

August 8, HATTIE N. BANGS, American bark, for Chefoo.

August 8, PAUL, German bark, for Foochow.

August 8, FIDELIO, German str., for Amoy.

August 8, STRATE OF GIBRALTAR, British str., for Shanghai.

August 8, MARIE, German str., for Hoikow.

August 8, CLEVEDEN, Brit. str., for Whampoa.

PASSENGERS.

ARRIVED.

For *Roma*, str., from Hamburg, to—Beliefs for H. G. M. Starmack and *Nautius*.

For *Kutrang*, str., from Shanghai.—Mr. J. Jurgensohn, and 25 Chinese.

For *Salter*, str., from Haiphong, &c.—Messrs. Bavier Chaufray, Triste, Malisch and T. L. Bowler, and 23 Chinese.

For *Prion*, str., from Foochow.—Mr. Mo. McIntyre and Mr. G. R. Williamson, and 33 Chinese.

For *Endeavour*, str., from Manila.—Messrs. B. Mitjans and G. R. Williamson, and 33 Chinese.

For *Carisbrook*, str., from Taiwan, &c.—Mr. Ben and 123 Chinese.

For *Kuang-lee*, str., from Shanghai—H. E. Wang and wife, and 121 Chinese.

DEPARTED.

For *Yolva*, str., from Foochow.—From Hongkong—Misses Duncan, Keima, and Obama From Marseilles—Misses Le Roy, Girard, Emau, and Ripoche. For *Hygo*.—From Adam Mr. Dumontel Ligretz.

For *Iraouaddy*, str., for Shanghai—From Hongkong—Dr. Aldridge, Messrs. E. Clark, James Russell and European servant, P. N. P. de Gracé, G. L. G. and S. S. Kier, from Manila—Misses Le Caledon, Mrs. Ballou, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. R. Martindale, Mr. J. H. Ferguson, Mr. Morant, and H. E. J. H. Ferguson.

For *Foorsgang*, str., for Shanghai—Mr. A. Malcolm.

For *Glenfrin*, str., for London—Colonel C. E. Foster and Mr. C. Toppy.

For *Mazilla*, str., for Geneva—Mr. and Mrs. J. A. R. Martindale, child and amah, Mrs. J. Martin, and Mr. J. H. Ferguson.

For *Endeavour*, str., for Singapore—I Malay, and 121 Chinese.

REPORTS.

The German steamer *Duberg*, from Swatow 7th August, reports had light to moderate N.W. winds and fine weather throughout.

The Chinese steamer *Kuang-lee*, from Shanghai 6th August, reports had light variable winds and calms, heavy S.E. swell on the 7th and 8th.

The British steamer *Carisbrook*, from Taiwan 4th August, reports strong S. and S.W. winds to Formosa; very quilly weather, light variable winds and heavy fog. From Swatow to port light westerly wind.

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## INTIMATIONS.

LANE, CRAWFORD & CO's  
SUMMER DRINKS.

por. doz. por. 2 doz.

MEDOC, a pleasant light Claret... \$4.00 \$5.00

SAUTernes... \$10.50

CALIFORNIA WHITE... \$3.75 \$4.75

WHITE, a refreshing still Wine... \$3.75 \$4.75

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a splendid Breakfast Claret... \$1.00

LAUDENHEIMER... \$6.00

HOCKHEIMER... \$10.00

CHAMPAGNE, Ayala, &c. \$21.00 \$23.00

(L. C. & Co's Sole Agents.)

COGNAC, J. Hennessy & C. \$16.00 \$18.00

(L. C. & Co's Sole Agents.)

CHAMPAGNE, Henri Abelot... \$6.00

Per 1 doz. Case.

BRANDY, Courvoisier's best quality... \$14.00

(L. C. & Co's Special Agents.)

WHISKEY, (L. C. & Co's Special)

BLEND "S.B.H." Teacher's High... \$8.00

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CREDITS granted on approved Securities, and every description of Banking and Exchange business transacted.

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JOHN WALTER,

Acting Chief Manager.

Hongkong, 11th June, 1886. [1452]

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RESERVE FUND... 4,500,000

RESERVE FOR EQUALIZATION OF... 500,000

DIVIDENDS... 1,000,000

RESERVE FOR PROPRIETORS... 7,500,000

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Ergenthorn.  
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Daily Press Office, January 1886.

## INTIMATION.

SILICATED  
CARBON FILTERS  
WITH MOVEABLE BLOCKS  
FOR  
PURIFYING DRINKING WATER.

A Shipment of these Filters in three useful sizes has just been received by the Undersigned.

A. S. WATSON & CO.,  
LIMITED,  
THE HONGKONG DISPENSARY.  
Hongkong, 1st May, 1886.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.  
Communications on Editorial matters should be addressed "The Editor," and those on business "The Manager," and not to individuals by name.  
Correspondents are requested to forward their names and address with communications addressed to the Editor, not for publication, but as evidence of good faith.

All letters for publication should be written on one side of the paper only.

Advertisements and Subscriptions which are not ordered for a fixed period will be continued until可商止。

Orders for extra copies of the Daily Press should be sent before 12 m.p.m. on the day of publication. After that hour they are limited.

DEATH.

At Mireille, on the 2nd June last, MADAME H. FOURENNE, of Hongkong, from malignant fever.

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## The Daily Press.

HOKKAIDO, AUGUST 9TH, 1886.

The adoption by the Conference of British and Colonial Chambers of Commerce of a resolution declaring that the remonetization of silver would relieve the depression under which trade is now staggering is the most important event that has yet transpired in the endeavour to rehabilitate silver—more important even than the refusal of the United States Legislature to repeal the Bland Act, for in the latter case the silver advocates merely achieved success in a defensive movement, whereas in the former they were acting on the offensive. The campaign has now been fairly inaugurated, and the issue will long be brought to a contest in Parliament. From the telegram we published on Saturday from the American papers it is difficult to gather any comprehensive idea of the debate. One thing is clear, however, namely, that the discussion turned largely on the effect the remonetization of silver would have on India. We are told that "Two Indian members contend that the effect of the depreciation of silver must be finally the ruin of the wheat and cotton industries of America and the development of India as the chief wheat and cotton exporter of the world. They, therefore, protested against England aiding America to restore the value of silver at the expense of the interests of India." PAUL F. TIDIAN, an East India merchant, argued that England had other interests besides those of India, which stood sorely in need of the restoration of silver, and trusted that Grimes' ideas would be adopted by the meeting." It is high time the idea that the depreciation of silver is good for India should be finally abandoned and numbered amongst exploded fallacies. In previous articles we have endeavoured to explain that India can really go to more now in exchange for her exports than she could before the disturbance of exchange, and we note with satisfaction that the same point is made by Professor NICKERSON in his recently published and valuable series of papers on the silver question. Professor NICKERSON points out that whereas the fall in silver would have benefited India if the gold price of the commodities exported by India had remained steady, these prices have fallen, and the result is that India is in exchange for her wheat now gets a few number of gold pieces, which she can exchange either for a similar quantity of silver to that she would formerly have received or for a similar quantity of other goods. Such is the effect of the Professor's argument, the soundness of which may be readily demonstrated. It is an elementary proposition in political economy that a country does not really exchange its exports for either of the precious metals, except to a very small extent, but for other goods which it requires for import, the precious metals being used merely as counters for the expression of values. Applying this proposition to the trade of India, what

do we find? The export trade considerably exceeds the import trade (the average excess for the last ten years has been 184 millions), the balance going to defray the home charges of the Government and the remittances by European residents. To make up this amount, which is measured in gold, India has to send away year by year a larger quantity of produce, for which she receives no increased return. It requires little acuteness to see that this cannot be a profitable movement to India. It is profitable to the bondholders in England, of course, but the profit is an inequitable one. This brings us to notice an article which appeared in Saturday night's *China Mail*. The writer contends in the first place that gold is the sole ultimate measure of value in the world, in silver using as well as in gold using countries. The latter portion of this statement is absolutely inaccurate, as throughout Asia silver is taken as the standard of value, and to the Chinaman it is gold that is dear or cheap, not silver. But is the statement true as regards over England itself? By no means. The idea of the appreciation of gold seems inconceivable to the writer in question, but we will endeavour to make it clear to him. During the last ten years land in England has depreciated in value to the extent of twenty-five per cent. Is land then more plentiful or less valuable? If gold were the ultimate and permanent measure of value this depreciation in the value of land would be inexplicable, because land cannot increase in quantity except by infinitesimal reclamations, nor is it less productive now than formerly. The conclusion therefore is that the variation is referable solely to the appreciation of gold. But, says the *China Mail* writer, there is little likelihood of England abandoning the single gold standard, because (and here he quotes from the *Nineteenth-Century*) the rest of the world (including India presumably) is indebted to Great Britain to the extent of £1,500,000,000 to £2,000,000,000 sterling, from which Great Britain draws an annual tribute of £600,000,000 to £800,000,000. This brings us to the point round which the final and decisive struggle will be waged at the approach of the French, and the native population welcoming the French as their deliverers from the tyranny of their former chiefs, the object of whose rebellion was simply to commit exactions without number under the pretext of patriotism. The intervention of the troops from Cochinchina in the south of Annam has already, the writer of the *China Mail* says, "put the seal upon the rebellion." The French, who have occupied and a French Resident installed, Bieng-han and Khanh-hou are being rapidly pacified, the rebel mandarins flying at the approach of the French, and the native population welcoming the French as their deliverers from the tyranny of their former chiefs, the object of whose rebellion was simply to commit exactions without number under the pretext of patriotism. The Singapore *Free Press* states that on the afternoon of the 29th ult. the formal installation of the Sultan took place at Johore. The ceremony was brief, but took place amidst considerable pomp. The *Free Press* says:—"When the Sultan came in, the crowd, which is extremely large and costly, collapsed with clamour, with a general shout, 'Long live the Sultan!' and all the people fell prostrate at his feet; some pray, to all the Malays and Arabs responded, were read by the Priest. The Sultan addressed a few words to the people and then left the hall!"—Our contemporary adds:—"It was notable as the first occasion that the ruler of Johore has been properly crowned in the same proportion as well as the private independence of the individual merchant or trader, or the landlord who has a mortgage on his estate. The rents of the latter fall off as gold appreciates, but the interest on the mortgage remains the same. It is easy to see how trade must be affected in the same way, for a business which may return a very fair profit on capital of a certain amount must become less remunerative if not absolutely unprofitable if that capital is increased by twenty-five per cent. In time, no doubt, commerce would adapt itself to the new conditions, but just as the trying on of a new pair of boots is an uncomfortable process, so the period of adaptation of commerce to new conditions of values must be one of disaster and loss. This is the object of the bi-metallists to minimise, and we with all success to their efforts. There can be nothing unfair to the users in taking measures to prevent the further increase of their claims on the industrial, mercantile, and land owning sections of the population.

The British composite gunboat *Martin*, Lieutenant Commander Braxton, left here on Saturday for Tsin-tsin.

The British gunboat *Zephyr*, Lieutenant Commander Hope returned to Singapore on the 29th July from her cruise to Labuan.

The General Managers (Messrs. Jardine, Matheson & Co.) inform us that the Indo-China steamer *Wangzang*, from Calcutta, left Singapore for this port on Friday, the 6th inst.

Colden C. E. Fisher, 2nd Battalion North Hampshire Regiment, left here for Egypt by the steamer *Glasgow*. Lieut.-Colone B. G. Anderson assumes command of the Regiment.

Kuhlow says:—"According to intelligence from China the first exercises with the guns of the ironclads supplied by the Vulcan Company to the Chinese Government have given excellent results." The number of licensed houses will be unlimited. Europeans, women and children are not to be admitted to the gambling houses.

Mr. Thos. Ide Bowler and party, whose petition to some of the mineral bearing districts of North and Tonquin, has we learn, been a highly successful one, returned to the colony on Saturday morning by the steamer *Salle*.

His Excellency the Governor of the Straits Settlements has fixed Wednesday, the 11th to Saturday, the 14th August, both days inclusive, as special days to be observed as Public holidays at Penang on the occasion of the celebration of the Centenary of that Settlement.

The Mercury says that the Chinese transport *Meiwo*, which arrived at Shanghai from Foochow on the 2nd inst., has been chartered by the China Merchants' S. N. Co. for two months.

I am bound to say that this is the fan of my individual. It is the fan of the system. I will recall the recollection of my gallant friend Mr. Graham Berry has spoken—namely, the gunboats were constructed for the Victorian Government. We are all aware that there was a great deal of friction created by the action of the Chinese in the matter of the *Meiwo*. I do not think that such an affair tends to Imperial Federation—rather the reverse. With regard to this question of defence, I am obliged to say that I differ from the opinion of my gallant friend. It is a bold thing for me to say, but my opinion is, I say it. I gather that his doctrine is, that the Colonies are to defend their own ports, and we are to give them a free hand in the matter. I think that we should have a durable arrangement. Having talked to colonial Ministers, and to our own Ministers, of both parties, during some years ago, when the Directors, as a mark of appreciation of his valuable services, gave him a bonus of \$20,000. After his retirement he went home and returned only lately to take charge of the works of the Tanjung Pagar Land Company, which appointment he held until his retirement. He is now a man of nearly 80, and is in excellent health. I am bound to say that he is likely to be employed by his numerous friends in the direction of Imperial Federation. I have already drawn attention to the incident of the Victoria gunboats and that dispute over the flag. Now I think that shows we do not always meet the Colonies in a really frank spirit."

The Straits Times regrets to have to announce the death on the 29th July, at Ogle Lodge, Elver Valley Road, of Captain Edward Maher Smith, best known to the public as the author of "The China Pines." His death occurred on the 29th July, after a long illness. He had held for many years previous to his retirement some years ago, when the Directors, as a mark of appreciation of his valuable services, gave him a bonus of \$20,000. After his retirement he went home and returned only lately to take charge of the works of the Tanjung Pagar Land Company, which appointment he held until his retirement. He is now a man of nearly 80, and is in excellent health. I am bound to say that he is likely to be employed by his numerous friends in the direction of Imperial Federation. I have already drawn attention to the incident of the Victoria gunboats and that dispute over the flag. Now I think that shows we do not always meet the Colonies in a really frank spirit."

The German steamer *Tome*, which arrived here from Hamburg on Saturday morning, is a vessel which belongs to the Kingria line, but which is at present under charter to the German Government as a transport. She has brought out on Saturday morning from Haliphong via Hof-hu, in tow of the German steamer *Alvina*. The *Tome* should have arrived in Hongkong on Friday morning at daylight, but was delayed by the breaking of a light cable, which caused the steamer to break through the cylinder cover, throwing the latter against an iron stay crossing the engine room. Fortunately both engineers were on duty at the time and their prompt action in shutting off the steam prevented any more serious accident. The chief engineer was somewhat scalloped about the head, but beyond that no person received any injury. The *Tome* will remain here until the arrival of the *Alvina*, when the engineers made an attempt to get the engine to work with the low pressure cylinder only, but the vessel having hit slightly on her the shaft could not be got to revolve. The accident happened on Thursday evening off the island of San Chon, and the steamer was not by the *Alvina*, which had been sent out by Mr. Marty to tow her in, on Saturday morning at daylight off the London Roads, having proceeded under sail for some forty miles after the accident.

From the Paris correspondence of the *Independent* we learn that the insults offered to Paul Bort in Tonkin by the Military and Naval officers have excited as much indignation as surprise. Some Deputies have already referred to them and General Boulanger is to be asked for explanations of the Minister's conduct. The Vade Mecum for every Resident in the Far East, from Penang to Vladivostok.

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Daily Press Office, January 1886.

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The French steamer *Salle*, which was reported to have broken down, arrived here on Saturday morning from Haiphong via Hof-hu, in tow of the German steamer *Alvina*.

The *Salle* should have arrived in Hongkong on Friday morning at daylight, but was delayed by the breaking of a light cable, which caused the steamer to break through the cylinder cover, throwing the latter against an iron stay crossing the engine room. Fortunately both engineers were on duty at the time and their prompt action in shutting off the steam prevented any more serious accident. The chief engineer was somewhat scalloped about the head, but beyond that no person received any injury. The *Salle* will remain here until the arrival of the *Alvina*, when the engineers made an attempt to get the engine to work with the low pressure cylinder only, but the vessel having hit slightly on her the shaft could not be got to revolve. The accident happened on Thursday evening off the island of San Chon, and the steamer was not by the *Alvina*, which had been sent out by Mr. Marty to tow her in, on Saturday morning at daylight off the London Roads, having proceeded under sail for some forty miles after the accident.

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SHANGHAI . . . . . Messrs. Hall & Holt.

SHANGHAI . . . . . Messrs. Kelly & Wals.

NORTHERN & J. Messrs. Hall & Holt and Kelly

RIVER PORTS . . . . . & Walsh, Shanghai.

NAGASAKI . . . . . Messrs. T. & J. Walsh & Co.

*Alpha* (in dock). Siamese *Eddy* and British *Mirva*, both for Shanghai, and *Balzoni* bound for Foochow. The *Mario*, with a cargo of wood from Singapore, put in here to repair her pumps. —*Mercury Correspondent*.

## COMMERCIAL INTELLIGENCE.

SATURDAY, 7th August.

OPTIM.

Quotations are—  
This year's New Malwa \$520 per picul, aleso of  
Last year's New Malwa \$540 per picul, aleso of  
Old Malwa ..... \$550 per picul, aleso of  
Patna (New) ..... \$524 to \$532 per chust.  
Patna (Old) ..... \$55 " "  
Boures (New) ..... 492 "

## EXCHANGE.

ON LONDON—  
Telegraphic Transfer ..... 3/  
Bank Bills on demand ..... 3/01  
Bank Bills at 3 months' sight ..... 3/01  
Bank Bills at 4 months' sight ..... 3/01  
Credits at 4 months' sight ..... 3/01  
Documentary Bills at 4 months' sight ..... 3/01

ON PARIS—  
Bank Bills, on demand ..... 3/9  
Credits at 4 months' sight ..... 3/85

ON NEW YORK—  
Bank Bills, on demand ..... 73/  
Credits, 60 days' sight ..... 74/  
ON BOMBAY—  
Telegraphic Transfer ..... 223/  
Bank, on demand ..... 223/  
ON CALCUTTA—  
Telegraphic Transfer ..... 223/  
Bank, on demand ..... 223/  
ON SHANGHAI—  
Bank, at sight ..... 71/  
Private, 30 days' sight ..... 72

## SHARES.

Quotations are—  
Hongkong and Shanghai Bank Shares—160 per cent. premium, buyers.  
Union Insurance Society of Canton, Limited—\$96 per share.

China Traders' Insurance Company's Shares—\$77.  
North China Insurance—Tls. 300 per share.  
Yangtze Insurance Association—Tls. 18 per share.

Chinese Insurance Company, Limited—\$180 per share, buyers.  
On Tai Insurance Company, Limited—Tls. 148 per share.

Canton Insurance Office, Limited—\$871 per share, buyers.

Hongkong Fire Insurance Company's Shares—\$47 per share.

China Fire Insurance Company's Shares—\$86 per share.

Hongkong and Whampoa Dock Company's Shares—118 per cent. prem.

Hongkong Canton and Macao Steamboat Co.'s Shares—\$64 per cent. prem. ex div.

Indo-China Steam Navigation Co.'s Shares—Par, sellers.

China and Manila Steamship Company, Limited—30 per cent. discount, nominal.

Douglas Steamship Company, Limited—\$32 per share.

Hongkong Gas Company's Shares—\$130 per share.

Hongkong Hotel Company's Shares—\$197 per share, buyers.

China Sugar Refining Company, Limited—\$95 per share.

Lantau Oil Refining Company, Limited—\$75 per share, sellers.

Hongkong Ice Company's Shares—\$20 per share, buyers.

Hongkong and China Bakery Company, Limited—\$120 per share.

Parak Tin Mining and Smelting Company—\$10 per share.

Panam and Sungai Dua Samaritan Mining Company, Limited—\$4 per share, sellers.

Saleman Tin Mining Company—\$5 per share, nominal.

Parak Sugar Cultivation Company—Tls. 18 per share.

Hongkong Iron Manufacturing Company, Limited—\$38 per share, sellers.

Hongkong and Macao Glass Manufacturing Co., Limited—Par, nominal.

Chinese Imperial Loan of 1884 A—2 per cent. premium.

Chinese Imperial Loan of 1884 B—6 per cent. premium.

Chinese Imperial Loan of 1884 C—8 per cent. premium.

Chinese Imperial Government 1885 Dollar Loan—3 per cent. premium.

## HONGKONG TEMPERATURE.

(From Messrs. Falconer & Co.'s Register.)

August 7th.

Barometer—9 A.M. 29.40

Barometer—1 P.M. 29.50

Barometer—2 P.M. 29.50

Thermometer—1 P.M. 83

Thermometer—2 P.M. (Wet bulb) 80

Thermometer—1 P.M. (Wet bulb) 81

Thermometer—2 P.M. (Wet bulb) 80

Thermometer—Minimum (over night) 73

## CHINA COAST METEOROLOGICAL REGISTER.

8th August, 1886, at 4 P.M.

STATION. Temp. in. Wind. Humid. Wind. Weather. Barom. in. Wind. Humid. Wind. Weather. Barom. in.

Macau ..... 29.82 80 55 SW 100% 100% 29.80

Bohain ..... 29.92 80 55 SW 100% 100% 29.80

Ampo ..... 29.81 80 55 SW 100% 100% 29.80

Foshau ..... 29.87 87 78 NW 100% 100% 29.80

Napaki ..... 30.03 — — — — — — 29.80

W. I. S. I. — — — — — — 29.80

Westerly. — — — — — — 29.80

7th August, 1886, at 10 A.M.

STATION. Temp. in. Wind. Humid. Wind. Weather. Barom. in. Wind. Humid. Wind. Weather. Barom. in.

Macau ..... 29.84 88 65 SW 100% 100% 29.80

Bohain ..... 29.92 84 65 SW 100% 100% 29.80

Ampo ..... 29.81 84 74 SW 100% 100% 29.80

Foshau ..... 29.87 87 78 NW 100% 100% 29.80

Napaki ..... 30.03 — — — — — — 29.80

W. I. S. I. — — — — — — 29.80

Westerly. — — — — — — 29.80

8th August, 1886, at 10 A.M.

STATION. Temp. in. Wind. Humid. Wind. Weather. Barom. in. Wind. Humid. Wind. Weather. Barom. in.

Macau ..... 29.89 88 69 SW 100% 100% 29.80

Bohain ..... 29.91 87 70 SW 100% 100% 29.80

Ampo ..... 29.87 87 76 NW 100% 100% 29.80

Foshau ..... 29.87 87 78 NW 100% 100% 29.80

Napaki ..... 30.03 — — — — — — 29.80

W. I. S. I. — — — — — — 29.80

Westerly. — — — — — — 29.80

7th August, 1886, at 4 P.M.

STATION. Temp. in. Wind. Humid. Wind. Weather. Barom. in. Wind. Humid. Wind. Weather. Barom. in.

Macau ..... 29.81 88 69 SW 100% 100% 29.80

Bohain ..... 29.92 84 65 SW 100% 100% 29.80

Ampo ..... 29.81 84 74 SW 100% 100% 29.80

Foshau ..... 29.87 87 78 NW 100% 100% 29.80

Napaki ..... 30.03 — — — — — — 29.80

W. I. S. I. — — — — — — 29.80

Westerly. — — — — — — 29.80

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Macau ..... 29.81 88 69 SW 100% 100% 29.80

Bohain ..... 29.92 84 65 SW 100% 100% 29.80

Ampo ..... 29.81 84 74 SW 100% 100% 29.80

Foshau ..... 29.87 87 78 NW 100% 100% 29.80

Napaki ..... 30.03 — — — — — — 29.80

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Westerly. — — — — — — 29.80

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Macau ..... 29.81 88 69 SW 100% 100% 29.80

Bohain ..... 29.92 84 65 SW 100% 100% 29.80

Ampo ..... 29.81 84 74 SW 100% 100% 29.80

Foshau ..... 29.87 87 78 NW 100% 100% 29.80

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Bohain ..... 29.92 84 65 SW 100% 100% 29.80

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Foshau ..... 29.87 87 78 NW 100% 100% 29.80

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Napaki ..... 30.03 — — — — — — 29.80

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Ampo ..... 29.81 84 74 SW 100% 100% 29.80

Foshau ..... 29.87 87 78 NW 100% 100% 29.80

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STATION. Temp. in. Wind. Humid. Wind. Weather. Barom. in. Wind. Humid. Wind. Weather. Barom. in.

Macau ..... 29.81 88 69 SW 100% 100% 29.80

## EXTRACT.

## ENGLISH PAINTING IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

There seems to have been in the fourteenth century a kind of painting practised in England which much attracted the notice of foreigners. It was of water-colours on cloth, "on closely woven linen saturated with gum water." This, when dry, was stretched on the floor over coarse wools, frizze cloths, and the artists, walking over the linens with clean feet, proceeded to design and colour historical figures and other subjects. And because the linen is laid quite flat on the woollen cloths the water-colours do not flow and spread, but remain where they are placed, the moisture sinking through into the woollen cloths underneath, which absorb it. In like manner, the outlines of the brush remain defined, for the gum in the lines prevents the spreading of such lines. Yet, after this linen is painted, its texture is no more obscured than if it was not painted at all, as the colours have no body." This does not at all resemble the kind of tempera painting in Flanders or in tapestry, for it is noticed as peculiar to England by a native of Flanders. May not this method be again, with some advantage, restored for the getting in the subjects of large pictures? The cloth so painted might easily be put on other cloth prepared with a ground. The Venetians usually preferred painting on cloth, and not unfrequently chose the finest. There is a cassius used in Italy, and chiefly by the Boboneuse school, which gives much richness to its peculiar texture being seen even through tolerably thick paint. The threads are in squares, and rather coarse. We are surprised that such is not to be met with in our shop. We have often endeavoured to obtain it without success. On canvas of this kind some painters, and among them Gericault, contrived greatly to raise the lights, so that seen side-ways, they appear to bulge. We are not aware how this was done.—Arched.

MRS. FITZ-JOHNSON'S ELOPEMENT.

The wedding went off beautifully. There were triumphant arches, rejoicing tonnery, and school children scattering flowers. There was a choral service, a grand colonial—on sick leave—step-groom (of the bridegroom), a rural dean (first cousin once removed of the bride) and a ritualistic curate. An epithalamium, composed by the schoolmaster, was sung, commencing—

On this festive occasion

With roses and rice,

We offer oblation.

To the bride of his choice.

(Pronounced "chico" from exigency of rhyme.) The oldest inhabitant, in a clean smock frock, dispensed blessings and imbibed beer with praiseworthy prodigality. Everything that human ingenuity could devise or custom countenance, was done to render the "happy day" memorable for its discomfit to the contracting parties. In spite of this, the bride looked as charming as sweet heaven can look when it tries its best, and considering that she, so to speak, stepped out of the school-room into the church, carried herself with commendable self-possession. As for the bridegroom, he went through the ordeal like a soldier and a man, and, looking, according to the doctor's daughter, "heavily." Not the least satisfied member of the wedding party was the bride's brother, Joey. "The girls must look slippery after husbands in these hard times," had been that young man's remark a year before. Spurred on by parental murmurings at empty-farms-and-no-rooms, they had suggested a reduction in the home establishment instead of his substantial but inadequate allowance. The establishment did not quite see it, but Joey was firm. The girls must marry, and as all could not, must marry Geoffrey Fitzjohnson. He was in every way eligible; young, good-looking, well off, in a snug berth at the War Office, and heir to several rich and sedate relations, unlikely to commit the indiscretions, matrimonial and otherwise, of modern old age. So Captain Fitzjohnson was asked down to Mumblothorpe, passed over five charging aspirants to his hand and heart, and threw the handkerchief to the shock-headed young person who sent a pot of musk within an inch of his devoted head, craning out the school-room window, on the evening of his arrival, to catch a glimpse of "Joey's chum." It was rather a blow to Joey, his "chum" walking off with his favourite sister, but he bore it philosophically. He had always intended to exercise a particular care over Florrie's interests when she came out, and he was not prepared for the young lady going off so prematurely. However, the Fitzjohnsons would live in London, and as Joey was at the Foreign Office and in rooms in Bury street, he could still keep an eye on his sister and see that she held her own in the "smart set" of which her husband was so popular a member. Joey was ten years older than Florrie, and had the majestic carriage and law-giving propensities of a man about town. He was what is known as "a great institution," which means that he was invaluable in a snowbound country house. He could tell first-rate and first-hand ghost stories, and could pass the severest examination in Debrett. He was a pillar of strength in private theatricals and could imitate the divine Saxon to the life. He knew all the latest gossip and could tell it without seeming ill-natured. In short, Joey was that rare avis, a social success.

A happier couple than the Fitzjohnsons, when they first came to Curzon street could not be imagined. It was only when Capt. Fitzjohnson settled down in his new home, and his old set that he made the gratifying discovery that he had won his wife's heart as well as her hand. During the courtship and honeymoon the disposition of that important factor in matrimonial happiness had been doubtful. Florrie teased, chaffed and commanded her husband in a way that to such a conqueror here was both novel and provoking. Captain Fitzjohnson had, however, learned strategy elsewhere than at Woolwich. The morning after the arrival in London the wily young man left his wife in her boudoir—the latest thing in boudoirs, executed under Joey's supervision—wondering dimly how she should kill the time until he had a perfect right to do so. He had not prepared for the young lady going off so prematurely. However, the Fitzjohnsons would live in London, and as Joey was at the Foreign Office and in rooms in Bury street, he could still keep an eye on his sister and see that she held her own in the "smart set" of which her husband was so popular a member. Joey was ten years older than Florrie, and had the majestic carriage and law-giving propensities of a man about town. He was what is known as "a great institution," which means that he was invaluable in a snowbound country house. He could tell first-rate and first-hand ghost stories, and could pass the severest examination in Debrett. He was a pillar of strength in private theatricals and could imitate the divine Saxon to the life. He knew all the latest gossip and could tell it without seeming ill-natured. In short, Joey was that rare avis, a social success.

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"I love you, Geoffrey," sobbed the poor little wife, her head on her husband's shoulder; and Geoffrey, as he strolled down the street, having promised to be back by luncheon time, hummed "Rule, Britannia" in triumphant sotto voce. The victory won, the valet, as he had a perfect right to do, rested upon his laurels; but he need not have given up so suddenly the reverential worship of the lover and assumed so instantly the condescending tolerance of the husband. It was unkind of him when he came home just in time to dress for dinner, after having been at the club all the afternoon, to plunge into that horrid French novel with a satisfied grunt, and barely rouse itself his wife a word. It was downright rude of him when she leaned over his chair and stroked his hair to a snarl out savagely. "For Heaven's sake, Florrie, don't pay me about like that. I don't like it, and it was positively brutal, after treating her in such a way, to scold her all dinner-time for being depressed. But so it was. The Fitzjohnson family art, pretty little vessel as it was with its fresh paint and dainty furniture, had drifted into the current which, sooner or later, must land

it upon the rocks. Geoffrey, blinded by selfish vanity, became hired with his wife's well-meant but ineffectual efforts to please her "much-changed lord." Her lavish affection, varied only by ill-concealed and sometimes tearful despondency, irritated him and made him more bearish than ever. It was the old story. Things went from bad to worse. At last the first cruel rock loomed in the distance and shipwreck seemed imminent.

Lady Angelica Landell was, so she said, a very old friend of Geoffrey. "I know him when he was quite a boy—such a nice boy," she told Florrie the afternoon she paid her first call in Curzon street. She was a wondrous and Quakerish personage, of the Oleso-patra type of beauty, lithe and serpentine, with a voice that could ooze like a dove or kiss like a serpent at will. She had a peculiar kind of scent that hung about the room long after she had left it. She was mysteriously fascinating, and Florrie detested her. This was a great grievance to Geoffrey, who was blind to the pearl powder and impurities to the scent. "Angelica (she called her Angelica) was a charming woman—a most valuable friend." Was it not common knowledge that Cabinet Ministers, met as often in her rose-bedecked drawing-room next Downing street—that she had a finger in every diplomatic pie?—that her statesmanship had brought about a Royal marriage and availed a European war? Even Joey admitted that she was an unaccustomed necessity. Her smile or frown could make or mar a man. If the Fitzjohnsons ever hoped to be anything they must cultivate Angelica. So Florrie had to submit; but not even the husband she adored could make her more than decently civil to the enchantress with the cruel smile, who called Geoffrey "Geoff," and who was always sending him mysterious little notes about goodness only knew what, for Florrie was never told their contents.

"The silly little fool is jealous," laughed her ladyship to herself as she sat in a corner, aloof from the "madding crowd" of a Foreign Officer's crash, pretending to listen to Geoffrey's earnest conversation, and watching, with interested amusement, his wife trying to keep an eye on her husband and, at the same time, respond coherently to the civilities of a volatile竹子.

"I'll teach her a lesson," muttered the siren, with an saucy glint in her dusky eyes, about the room, resented, as unusually, an impulse to run after his wife, kiss away her tears, and implore her to only be charming on the old Mumblorpe lines, and finally decided to confide his troubles that very evening to Lady Angelica.

From that fair oracle he received but very cold comfort. "My dear Geoff, it serves you well right. You thought because she had given you all her heart you were warranted in neglecting her. So like a man, Mr. Landell was just the same. Now she is consoling herself. Quite right. I had no idea she had so much sense. I admire her. Do you think she would dine with me on the fifteenth? By the by, if the necessity should arise, let me recommend you my solicitors. They managed Mr. Landell's and my affair beautifully. My husband's messages sound almost affectionate when they come to me through the senior partner."

"My dear old girl. What is the matter? Are you seedy?" exclaimed Joey, as he ploughed through the crowd to his sister's side. "Come to-morrow as soon as Geoffrey has gone. I want to talk to you," whispered Florrie, brokenly, as her brother deposited her safely at her own door.

Next morning brother and sister had a long confabulation, during which Joey tugged hard at his phantom moustache, and Florrie wiped her eyes very often. The result seemed hardly satisfactory, for Joey departed, remarking that it was the "very deuce," and Florrie sat looking into the fire until it went out in self-defence. However, until dinner time, and not take all her devotion for granted, but try and earn it. Clear up the mystery of our "nods-and-becks" and wreathes smiles." Explain to her that the tender little episode at the Foreign Office was only gratitude on your part for my having promised to speak to the Duke about that staff appointment, with which you wanted to surprise her, and fun on mine to make her jealous, and what stuff she was made of. Tell her I have reported in sackcloth and ashes, and have sent you back to her with a flea in your ear, and the staff appointment in your pocket. Tell her she is better off than I. If her husband has neglected her, he still loves her, and I—" "God bless you, Angelica."

"Don't be silly. Now off we go. Aha, Comte! Enchante de mon soir. N'avez pas entendu des nouvelles?" Geoffrey walked home under the stars, a happy man. He had been a brute and a fool, he told himself severely. It was lucky things were no worse. After all, if winning his wife's heart the second time was half as pleasant a process as the first, the penance for past neglect was a light one. It was striking 12 as he let himself into the dark hall. The darkness was unusual; for Squares always left the gas burning for his master to find out. His match-box was missing, and he was a user of despatch of duty. Geoffrey remained home exactly half an hour earlier to administer a carefully prepared lecture to the culprit, only to find as he had gone to the Garter with Jules. The solitary dive with no one to scold was dismal experience, and Geoffrey felt distinctly aggrieved. Next day things were no better. Florrie sat looking into the fire tickling of the hall clock the search commenced. It ended prematurely in the sudden opening of the drawing-room door and the flooding of the landing at the top of the stairs with light. Some one was still up. Might it not be Florrie waiting for him? Geoffrey walked quickly to the foot of the stairs, but stopped with one foot on the lowest step, as it turned to stone. It was Florrie—and some one else—engaged in rapid, breathless conversation.

"Delay no longer—animal mia. He may be back at any moment." "Oh, Luigi! I dare not. If we should meet him, he would kill you."

"Venez! Venez!" Geoffrey steadied himself by the bannister and waited. There, shown up by the surrounding darkness as a tableau vivant, there appeared on the landing his wife, hooded and elated, looking fearfull out into the dark abyss before her and clinging convulsively to the arm of the Italian—Count Sparlatti. There was a yell, a shriek, and an oath. Geoffrey bounded up the stairs and seized the intruder by the cloak, just as he endeavoured to retreat into the drawing-room. The yell was a broken English rendering of "Hooro! Hooro!" The shriek found expression in "Luigi! Luigi!" and the east was well, never mind what. The chase and struggle was desperate. The Count, who had left his cloak in his assailant's hand, cleared ottomans and chairs with astounding agility. Mrs. Fitzjohnson's heroics had degenerated into hysterics, to judge from the peals of laughter with which she greeted the Count's desperate efforts to escape. At last he was cornered, hissing and screeching like an enraged toad. "Oh, Geoffrey, be careful. His beautiful hair!" for the infatuated husband had hold of a handful of the Italian's matted locks. The warning came too late. There was a tug, a groan, and lo and behold, not only a handful, but a whole head of raven tresses remained in the visitor's grasp. The flowing moustache came next.

"Who the dickens is that, Squares?" The gentleman did not give his name, sir. He said as how Mrs. Fitzjohnson would know who he was, and I need not announce him." Squares spoke in a tone of respectful indignation at this outrage on the conveniences. Geoffrey kept his presence of mind.

"Oh, of course. I had forgotten. What time did the gentleman come?" (This was as after-thought, while ascending the stairs.) "At half-past 4, sir." And it was now half-past 7.

"Did any one else call this afternoon?" "Yes, sir; but after the gentleman came Mrs. Fitzjohnson told me to say 'Not at home' to any other visitors."

Geoffrey did not wait to hear anymore, dashed into the drawing-room. He half expected to find his wife—the victim of an assassin's knife. On the contrary she was at that eternal piano, playing a dreamy bonanza, her half rose, but on seeing who it was she resumed her seat, exclaiming, "Oh, it's only you!"

"Whom did you think it was? That Guy de Greville, faintly."

"Oh, Joey, water-brandy! He is not well. We carried it too far. I tell you we ought not to do it. It's all your fault," scolded Florrie, with all her woman's treachery, and her arms around her still dazed husband's neck, and calling him all the names of the honeymoon.

"I think my plan was a success, though," said Joey, as he wished his sister good-night under the roll gas.

"I think it was," said Florrie, with a happy laugh, "but no one must ever know about it."

And no one ever did, except one person; but then she knew everything.

"That's very clever boy, Joey," mused Lady Angelica, over her morning cigarette.

"I must see what can be done for him,"—Begorra,

"Whom did you think it was? That Guy

Fawkes' back again? Who, may I ask, is he, and what was he here from half-past 4 till now for, to the exclusion of everybody else?"

Geoffrey was gradually working himself up into a passion. Florrie made no attempt to calm him, but smiled faintly and struck a few aggravating chords on the piano.

"If you really care to know, that Guy Fawkes, as you are pleased to call him, is Count Sparlatti, an old Dresden friend of Joey's. He is an Italian, and when Joey came back from Dresden the Count gave him to learn English. He was always at Mumblorpe. At me! [another plaintive chord] what happy days those were. And what fun we had! The Count was my sweetheart then."

"Why were you only nine years old?"

"That's all" (another still more plaintive chord).

"Don't be a fool, Florrie." The passion had died out and the lecturing mood taken its place. "You are nineteen now, and quite old enough to know that it is not proper to have men staying three hours life-a-like with you, and to tell the servants you are at home no more else. Do you understand?"

"No 'I don't'; the blue eyes opened their widest. "I thought it was the 'oh' thing to do. Of course at Mumblorpe they would be awfully shocked, but then they are old-fashioned. They even have family prayers. But since I have been married I have gained experience. I have seen several charming women," Lady Angelica, for whom Geoffrey was a most valuable friend.

"It is not common knowledge that Cabinet Ministers, met as often in their rose-bedecked drawing-rooms next Downing street—that she had a finger in every diplomatic pie?"

"About a Royal marriage and availed a European war?" Even Joey admitted that she was an unaccustomed necessity.

"She had a finger in every diplomatic pie?"

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